

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
A Journal devoted to the Interests of the Residents of the Suburbs of Washington.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
The Suburban Citizen Newspaper Co.,
J. M. WOOD, Business Manager.
No. 611 10th Street N. E.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Its CONTRIBUTORS are Business Men, Business Women, Scientists, Plain People, Travelers, Poets, etc., etc. In other words, people familiar whereof they write, who tell their stories in a way that will interest our suburban friends.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One dollar per year, payable in advance. Single copies five cents.
Advertising rates made known on application.
Address all letters and make checks payable to THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN, Washington, D. C.
Entered at the Post Office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

NO OTHER PAPER
in Washington receives as wide or as intelligent a patronage among country people as
THE Suburban Citizen.
It enters more suburban homes every week than any other Washington paper, hence its columns afford the most effective way to reach the thrifty people of the suburbs. For advertising rates, address
The Suburban Citizen,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
At a well-attended meeting of dairymen at Baum's Hall, Fourth and East Capitol streets, Wednesday evening, it was decided to meet at 8 o'clock next Wednesday evening at the same place and form a permanent organization by the election of officers, etc. It behooves every dairymen interested in the preservation of his business to attend.

The wars are keeping us on the jump at studying geography and languages. Having gone through Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines and South Africa, we must now take up the map of China. Possibly it will not be a great while before we shall have to study Japan, Korea and Russian Asia.

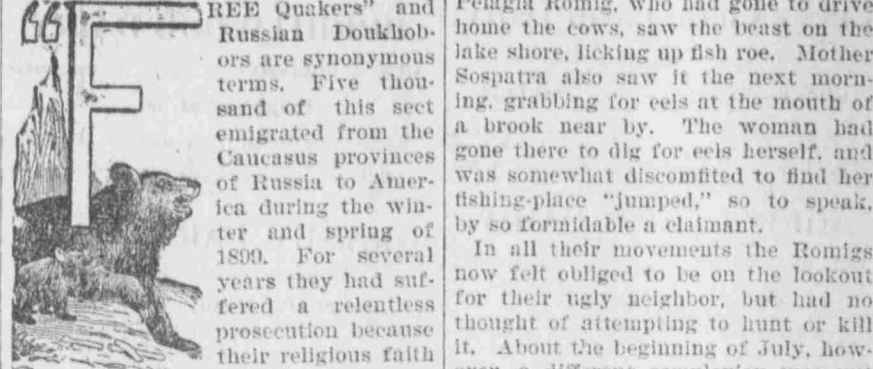
The announcement that the German Government has released on furlough some of the soldiers of the Eastern provinces to help in the harvest fields of their districts affords an interesting parallel to the announcement from Kansas that the students of one of the women's colleges had left school to help garner the wheat crop of the Sunflower State. In each incident is the recognition that the annual yield of its great grain fields is, in an important sense, the foundation on which are reared the prosperity and content of a State.

Up to July 1 the total fire loss in the United States for 1900 was \$103,000,000, against \$65,000,000 for the corresponding period last year. There have been no less than fifteen fires with losses of over \$500,000 each since January 1 last, and five of them have destroyed property reckoned by millions, the Ottawa conflagration heading the list, with a loss of \$12,000,000. And the underwriters report that not only has the first half of 1900 been remarkable for great fires, but that the number and destructiveness of small fires have also been unusual.

One of the most suggestive tributes to the skill of American workmen is the offer of Swiss manufacturers to give large prizes to inventors for improvements in watch-making, so that American competition in this line can be checked. The delicacy and simplicity of American-made watch movements is such that the Swiss no longer claim the pre-eminence in this line. The result is all the more gratifying because the specialization of watch-making in the United States is of such recent growth compared to the ages in which the Swiss have excelled in it.

THE STORM.
BY EMILY A. WARDEN.
Cold blows the gale from out the North;
Wild moan the forest, vale and moor;
Fierce spirits wander boldly forth,
Grim monsters scream at every door.
Against the tempest's hurrying might,
God keep the helpless poor to-night.
Cold creep the waves along the shore,
Wild shout the breakers in their glee;
Fierce swells the voice of ocean roar,
Grim stalk the shades along the lee.
Against the storm's tempestuous might,
God guard the sea-tossed ships to-night.

THE DOUKHOBORS' UGLY VISITOR.
BY C. A. STEPHENS.
Pelagia Romig, who had gone to drive home the cows, saw the beast on the lake shore, licking up fish roe. Mother Sospatra also saw it the next morning, grabbing for eels at the mouth of a brook near by. The woman had gone there to dig for eels herself, and was somewhat discomfited to find her fishing-place "jumped," so to speak, by so formidable a claimant.



In all their movements the Romigs now felt obliged to be on the lookout for their ugly neighbor, but had no thought of attempting to hunt or kill it. About the beginning of July, however, a different complexion was put on their attitude toward the bear. A loud bawling was heard in the direction of the enclosed pasture and immediately the two cows appeared, running in terror to the shed, followed by five of the cossets. One sheep was missing, and on hastening to the pasture, Wassell and Pelagia found where the coset had been killed. They passed timidly through a gap in the hedge and came in sight of the bear, eating the sheep among willow clumps near the brook. They say that it gave vent to several hideous roars when it perceived them, and came shuffling toward them, its front covered with bits of gory wool.

The young Doukhabor and his sister beat a hasty retreat, and thenceforth the family were in great trouble and perplexity. They dared not turn their cows and sheep out to feed, and were obliged to cut fodder for them. Worse still, the bear, having tasted mutton, was not long content to leave the cossets undisturbed in the shed near the house.

Fearing an attack, Wassell had cut poles and strengthened the shed as much as he could, driving large stakes into the ground and laying a close wall of poles between them; but when, one night not long after, the bear was minded to taste mutton again, it came and tore down the fence with a noise that struck terror to the hearts of the peaceful immigrants. The bellowing of the affrighted cows seeking escape from the shed added to the alarm, and together the family passed a bad night, lamenting the loss of their stock, yet not daring to venture forth in defence of it.

When morning came they found that the cows and four of the sheep had escaped to the bushes along the lake shore, but that one sheep had been carried off by the bear.

Except three other Doukhabor families, living at a little distance, there was no one to whom Wassell could apply for aid; and these neighbors were as much at a loss as the Romigs how to deal with the beast of prey. For a time they could think of nothing better than to make the fence stronger, and tried hard to do so; but the bear, now with a raging appetite for mutton, broke into the shed repeatedly, till but one cosset remained of the little flock.

The fence having proved quite incapable of resisting the bear's prodigious strength, they bethought themselves of protecting the shed with a deep ditch around it. In digging this, the industry of the entire family and their neighbors was strikingly exemplified. They excavated in two days a trench, or moat, in the deep, black soil, ten feet in width and nearly as deep, enclosing the shed on all sides.

The ditch had nearly perpendicular sides, and the bottom soon became miry, and a foot or more of water was collected in it. To carry fodder and water to the cows and sheep in the shed, Wassell was obliged to cross on a log which served as a temporary bridge.

Wassell kept at a distance and none of the women left the house that day, lest the bear should suddenly get out and, in its fury, rush upon them. Only toward night did Wassell venture to throw bundles of fodder across the trench to the cattle; he dared not try to cross with water for them, and was in much perplexity.

During the night following, a little bear, as large as a pug dog, came to the trench, attracted probably by the roars of the old one, and either fell or scrambled down to it. Wassell saw it there in the morning, paddling about in the mire.

Either from his religious scruples against taking life or because he possessed no adequate weapon, the young settler made no effort to kill the bear; and during all that day the family remained in jeopardy. They saw no other way than to allow the bear to starve there, but feared, meantime, that their cows would perish for want of water.

Toward evening on the third day, however, affairs took a turn from the appearance on the scene of two young Canadian sportsmen, who were shooting from a skiff along the lake shore. They had seen the smoke of the Doukhabors' house and landed in the hope of procuring milk. These young Nimrods were unable to understand what Wassell said to them, but they went to the ditch with him, and reaped with laughter when they saw the situation. Being troubled by no scruples about taking life, one of them immediately put an end to the Doukhabors' troubles, and also the bears', with three shots from his carbine. The bears were so coated with mud that the hunters abandoned their intention of securing the skins, and advised Wassell to fill in the trench and bury the carcasses where they lay—jocosely telling him that he would always know where his bears were!

Generations hence this will no doubt be one of the stories which the Romigs of Manitoba will tell their children—how Grandpa Wassell entrapped the prodigious bear.—Youth's Companion.

ARRAIGNS THE PEERAGE.

The English Nobility Haven't Done Much Worth Doing.

The death of the Duke of Argyll has brought out the falsity of the assumption that men of hereditary wealth can be trusted to do the intellectual work that does not directly pay. And this is simply because the Duke really did something in that way. According to Carlyle, the British peerage was in its origin a kind of glorified civil service, in which the titles were certificates of success in the most arduous competitive examinations. Still, according to him, "the merit system" broke down in its application to the British peerage in the reign of Charles I. Since then a Lord has nothing to do "as such" except "to exist beautifully." As the lords have all the chances of education that England affords, and nothing to do but what they may choose to do, what treasures of learned leisure and research we ought to owe to them. The career of the Duke of Argyll ought not to have been an exception in his order at all, but simply an illustration of the rule. And yet he was the only duke in Great Britain who within living memory has amounted to anything. It is true that the Marquis of Salisbury might have been a duke if he had not regarded his marquisate as a prouder title than a new dukedom could furnish. And doubtless the Marquis of Salisbury amounts to something. When he was Lord Robert Cecil, Bagshot said to him that he was the only member of the British aristocracy who had shown the capacity of earning his own living. This he had had to do for a season, and had done it in the character of a political writer; and there is no doubt that he would have made a political success if he had been a commoner. His existence is fully justified. So is that of Lord Rosebery, as a public speaker and as a writer, if not yet fully as a politician. Here are three out of five hundred members of the House of Lords. Perhaps an ordinarily well-informed observer might manage to pick out a half dozen more lords who might fairly be called distinguished for something else than being lords, barring the new men, who owe their titles to their achievements. But that is a sorry showing for so many holders of what may be called perpetually endowed fellowships.—From "The Point of View," in Scribner's Magazine.

Horse Phenology.

Horse phenology is the latest discovery of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons of England. According to Harold Leeney, a member of the college, it is easy to tell a horse's character by one shape of his nose. If there is a gentle curve in the profile, and at the same time the ears are pointed and sensitive, it is safe to bank on the animal as gentle, and at the same time high spirited. If, on the other hand, the horse has a dent in the middle of his nose, it is equally safe to set him down as treacherous and vicious. The Roman-nosed horse is sure to be a good animal for hard work and safe to drive, but he is apt to be slow. A horse with a slight concavity in the profile will be schry and need coaxing. A horse that drops his ears is apt to be lazy as well as vicious.—Farmers' Advocate.

Railroads.
CHESAPEAKE BEACH RAILWAY.
Schedule of excursion trains effective Sunday, June 3, 1900.
Leave District line depot for Chesapeake Beach 10:00, 11:00 a. m. and 2:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. daily.
Leave Chesapeake Beach 12:00, noon, and 2:25, 3:30, 8:00, 10:00 p. m. daily.
Take Columbia line electric cars and allow yourself 35 minutes to reach depot. Fifty cents for round trip. Children half fare.
Parlor car tickets on sale for all excursion trains at District line and Chesapeake Beach stations at an additional charge of only 15 cents extra each way.
OTTO MEARS, A. H. LEWIS,
Pres. and Gen. Mgr. Gen. Pas. Agt.

A BUSINESS POINTER.

Several Washington merchants are afraid to invite the trade of suburban people for fear it might offend some of their city customers who don't consider it "the proper thing" to be seen in a store with country people. They want the cash of country people when the same can be secured without any outward sign of a desire to reach out for it. One of the largest hardware firms in the city recently refused to advertise in the columns of the *Citizen* and gave the following reason: "We're not out after suburban business for the reason that we consider the trade of the people of Virginia and Maryland not particularly desirable." Gustave Hartig, the hardware man of 509 and 511 H Street, N. E., is of a different opinion. He wants the trade of country people and he is getting it. When you deal with him you are dealing with a square business man and a friend.
Dec. 10-41

C. E. TRAVERS... J. E. BELT.

THE WHITE HOUSE RESTAURANT AND SALOON.
1427 H Street and 1422 Maryland Avenue N. E.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Melrose Whiskey a Specialty. Fine Grades of Union Cigars.
Private Dining Rooms for Ladies.
... TRAVERS & BELT, Props.

THE LATEST STYLE TEAMS FOR HIRE.

SPECIAL RATES FOR DRUMMERS.
Delivery Wagons to be had at any time at

SINSHEIMER LIVERY CO.
REAR 615 E STREET N. W.
— Formerly Rex Stable. —

EASTERN BRANCH COTTAGE.
JOHN FRAAS, Proprietor.
BENNING BRIDGE, D. C.
All Brands of Liquors and the Finest Cigars and Beer.
Boats for hire for gunning or pleasure parties.

High View Hotel---
L. T. BRIDWELL, Proprietor.
Chesapeake Beach, Maryland.
A first class resort serving the only 500, meal on the Beach. 20 splendid rooms, 3 ladies' dining rooms, all overlooking the bay. The highest point of any Board by the week \$8.00 up.
Pabst Milwaukee Beer on draught.
L. T. BRIDWELL, Chesapeake Beach, Md.

THE IRVINGTON HOUSE.
TENALLYTOWN, D. C.
Again Open for Business.
After being closed up for four months, and after making a most desperate fight for my rights I have won and will be glad to see all my old friends at the old stand. Nothing but the best for everybody.
Ernest Loeffler, Proprietor.

RUDOLPH THIELE,
.....DEALER IN.....
Cattle and Brewers' Grains,
and also Breeder of High-Class Poultry and Thoroughbred Hogs.
Silver Hill P. O. Prince George's County, Md.
RUDOLPH THIELE,
Dealer in **Brewers' Grains.**
I contract for the entire output of Brewers' Grains at the National Capital Brewery, and can supply dairymen and others on short notice. These grains are pure barley and contain neither hops nor any other deleterious substance. They make an excellent and cheap article of feed for cattle, horses or hogs.
I am at the Brewery daily from 9 to 12 o'clock a. m.

You'll find everything on the SQUARE at the
Triangle House
...H. J. SENAY, Proprietor...
The Triangle House is situated at the corner of Maryland Avenue, 15th Street, H Street, Benning Road, Florida Avenue and Bladensburg Road. In fact,
ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE Triangle House.
Cars on the Columbia line stop almost in front of the door and transfer tickets either way are good for 15 minutes, to enable passengers to get refreshments and a free lunch at Senay's well stocked bar.

THE COOLEST GLASS OF BEER IN THE CITY.

R. Q. RYDER,
BRICKLAYER & CONTRACTOR,
Residence and P. O. Address, KENILWORTH, D. C.
Cement Walks, Concrete Cellars and general cement work done on short notice. Country work a specialty.

UNITED STATES COLLEGE OF VETERINARY SURGEONS.
222 C Street N. W., Washington, D. C.
SESSION BEGINS OCTOBER 1st.
For prospectus and full information, address C. BARNWELL ROBINSON, V. S. DEAN.